



HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
 Grey-headed headles walked before with wands as white as
 Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow
 O what a multitude they sent these flowers of London town
 Sealed in companies they sat with raiment all their own
 The lambs of multitude was there but multitudes of lambs
 Thousands of little boys & girls tuning their innocent hands
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among
 Beneath them sat the aged men wise guardians of the poor
 Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door



The Echoing Green



The Sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies,
 The merry bells ring,
 To welcome the Spring.
 The sky-lark and thrush,
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around,
 To the bells' cheerful sound,
 While our sports shall be seen,
 On the Echoing Green.



Old John with white hair
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk.

They